McKean County Miner.

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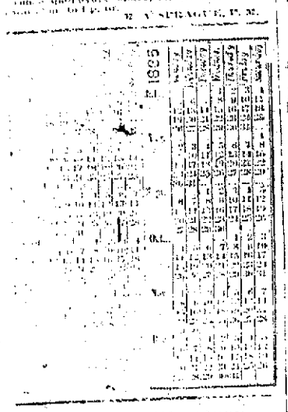
McKean County Miner.

I. ROGERS, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible]



Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

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A. O. U. W.

[illegible]

I. O. O. F.

[illegible]

Churches.

METHODIST. Wm. Buckley, pastor. [illegible]

PRESBYTERIAN. [illegible]

EPISCOPAL. J. Reese Mc Cartney, Rector. [illegible]

ST. ELIZABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH. [illegible]

ST. EPHRAIM'S CHURCH. [illegible]

Secret Societies.

[illegible]

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AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In the breaking waves of sorrow,
Where the helpless feet sink deep and find no bottom for despair,
No footing as solid as doubt,

There is ever one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
The frail mast of shore at last!

To the spirit its calm but conqueror,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its [illegible] of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal—away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the grave-yard,
Would scarcely stay a child in its pace,
But for me and my daughter it is wider
Than the star-sown vagrant of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most severely true;
But, since the world is as it is, you'll not be cruel,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Consider, if you will, I am better
Than a well-meant simile of breath;
But not at all the preaching since Adam
Has made a breach other than death.

If [illegible] that still sits your desk [illegible]
That far off earth, that dull shock
When the plowshare of deeper passion
Tears down her primitive rock.

Comfort me in spirit? Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

The little rain swings with rusty creak;
Once parting there, we plowed in pain;
There comes a parting, when the weak
Anti-feeling lips cease to speak
Finally:—"We meet again!"

Comes here to comfort, remember faith,
Like them in other dark remain;
Our sweet, said voice smoothes death,
And all for eighteen centuries saith
Softly:—"We meet again!"

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That, from an orient chamber there,
Floats down, "We meet again!"

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

WRITTEN BY W. J. MILLIKEN, FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL IN MAY, 1873.

Never since the time of the great Napoleon, have the politics of Europe assumed a more threatening aspect than at the present day; and never have the nations of that mighty continent been more convulsed with real and apprehended changes.

France humbled to the very dust before victorious Prussia; Prussia vaulting from the position of a third-rate power into the highest seat of military glory; Spain asserting the principle of freedom amidst the throes of revolution; and Russia dashing off the restrictions which jealous treaties have heretofore imposed, and absorbing new provinces in the valley of the Oxus, preparatory to a march sooner or later to Constantinople, all proclaim the presence of prodigious events, and foreshadow the coming of still greater catastrophies. The dissolution of the Treaty of Paris effected by Russia a few months ago and the more recent absorption of Khiva in the valley of the Oxus are the initial steps in the execution of a plan which aims at the absorption of a continent.

The ambition of Russia is boundless. Not content with an empire stretching from the Black Sea to the Arctic, and from the Baltic on through northern Asia to the Pacific, she is still ambitious of extending her dominions, and the shadow of this ambition falls continously across Europe and darkens all Asia. She dreams of a mighty empire which shall claim oceans for its barriers and continents for its provinces. The plan which has long filled the outline of her imperial policy is to seize Constantinople, cross the Bosphorus, conquer Persia, and, passing the borders of Afghanistan, dispute with England for the possession of India. Her southern limits thus extended from the Bosphorus to the Ganges, the dominion of the continent becomes inevitable, and thus Asia is converted as a foot block to the throne of her empire.

The memories of the Crimea, then, are not obliterated. England will yet feel, in the robbery of her most flourishing provinces, the vengeance of that ambition which neither the diplomacy of statesmen nor the arms of consolidated soldiers can foil or conquer.

Nor does this plan involve simply territorial acquisition: it grasps at the greatest commercial advantages. Hitherto the commerce of England, France, Spain and nearly all Europe with India and China, has been subjected to slow and distant voyages around the Cape of Good Hope and the Indian Ocean. But since the opening of the Suez Canal a far more rapid and easy passage is found through the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. But give Russia Constantinople, and Russian keels will soon guard the straits of Gibraltar and the ports of Rosetta. For Constantinople controls the Dardanelles, and this passage to the Mediterranean once secured, Russian fleets or policy would soon spread Russian mastery over all the Mediterranean. Thus falter this important sea, and the commerce and very bread markets of all southern Europe lie at the mercy of Russia. Then Spain, France, Italy, Turkey and Greece would be compelled to pay tribute to an empire as much dreaded as its ambition is aspiring. Truly "Constantinople is the key of the world," as Napoleon said at St. Helena. It was the fear of this plan that disturbed that illustrious warrior, and the fear of it to-day makes Europe tremble. Had Russia less power the spectre would seem less huge and formidable; but powerful as she is in numbers and resources the apprehensions of Europe are well grounded. The only obstacle which has hitherto prevented the consummation of this scheme, has been the Turkish Empire backed by the consolidated powers of Europe; and the maintenance of her territory unimpaired is the only requirement which can prevent it now. For the preservation of Turkey the resources of Europe must be pledged. Turkey, of herself, can offer no successful resistance to Russia. For a long time her power has been waning, and nothing has kept her in existence but the jealousies of other nations, fearful of ambitious Russia. As soon as these nations cease to come to the rescue the doom of Turkey and of the dominion of the Mediterranean is sealed. Let the feet of Russia once start for Constantinople, unimpeded by rival nations, and the Turkish empire will be trampled into powder. It is true the valor of the Turks is historic; but valor alone cannot accomplish all things. It may be heroic and desperate, but without material resources it is powerless. But while the valor of Russia is at no discount her resources are well nigh illimitable. The largest and best accoutred army, a rapidly increasing navy, and the most unmeasured means, when developed, of any nation in Europe, await her imperial nod to convert plan into execution and ambition into conquest.

But it may be urged, if the plans of Russia are so formidable why did she submit the Black Sea question to a congress of powers? Why did she not improve her opportunity when France and Prussia were grappling and each was straining every nerve for mastery? Then, if ever, it may be thought her ambition could have been realized, for two of the foremost nations of Europe were so dispersed that, if they could not be her friends, at least they could not well become her enemies. And when the number and power of her adversaries were thus reduced and weakened, why did she not strike if she has has intended to strike at all?

Dear as this scheme is to Russia, it may well be supposed that she is too discreet, if not too humane, to unnecessarily forfeit the sympathies of all Christendom by setting Europe at defiance and plunging headlong into aggressive war. "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," is doubtless the policy of the Russian Czar. The submission of the Black Sea question to a congress of powers was a masterstroke of policy. No one can look at the position of Russia on the map, with a knowledge of her population, commerce and resources, without instantly perceiving the vital necessity of unrestrained outlet to the Mediterranean. Nearly three-fourths of the commerce of that great nation must be shipped by sea, and the Baltic, the only sea over which she has free control, is open to navigation but little more than one half the year. Hence the necessity of an outlet through the Dardanelles which admits of constant commercial advantages.

Russia has a large coast, too, on the Black Sea. But by the treaty of Paris her right of coast defense was grievously restricted. She was denied the right of maintaining in the Euxine a fleet of sufficient strength to protect her coast in case of invasion. With this restriction literally binding her in the south, the Dardanelles, in a military as well as commercial point of view, became to her precisely what the lower Mississippi, in the hands of a foreign power, would become to the United States.

Had Louisiana never been purchased from France, or had the southern states succeeded in establishing a separate confederacy, the parallel between the northern states and the Mississippi, and Russia and the Dardanelles, both in respect to self-defense and commerce, would be perfect.

As long as Russia was denied the right of maintaining in the Euxine a navy sufficient to insure her safety, any European nation that might league with Turkey could at any moment sail up the Dardanelles with hostile navies, sink the Russian fleet almost at a broad side, and ravage her defenseless coasts. Thus her most easily assailed parts were exposed to the assaults of foreign enemies. What nation would thus suffer its commerce to be subjected to the caprices of a foreign power, or would mildly permit its most easily assailed points to be in the hands of hostile nations? The demands of Russia in this respect were not only wise but just; and it was to call the attention of the nations to these facts, and to press home upon them the justness of these demands, that this submission was resorted to. No policy could have been wiser or more effective in riveting the sympathies of enlightened nations to her cause. Russia was well aware that if her demands were refused and war was invoked their intrinsic justice would go far to shield her from the censure of the world. If they were acceded to she was one step nearer the consummation of her plans. In either case, therefore, the policy pursued would be beneficial to Russia and injurious only to her foes.

But aside from these considerations Russia is not yet ready for such a war. However strong her armaments may be upon land; however rapidly her navy and other elements of strength may be rising into power, she is not yet ready for the threatened blow. The contest when begun will not be confined to land and the strife of armies. The sea will reel beneath the shock of navies, and her white foam redden at the broadsides of their squadrons.

To-day the combined fleets of England, France, Austria and Turkey could sweep the Russian banner from the seas. To oppose the navies of her adversaries with her present naval strength would be to court irretrievable disaster. She would only repeat the history of the French at Trafalgar or the Turks at Navarino. But as soon as the fleet of the Baltic shall be strong enough to protect the coasts of Russia in the along that sea (a consummation not impossible nor distant,) and the fleet of the Euxine has grown to equal power, we may then believe that the decisive time has come.

And it may be, notwithstanding these seeming impediments, sooner than this England will hear the tread of her embattled legions in India. Slowly but surely the work of Russian absorption goes on east and south-east of the Caspian. The clutch of Russia is already upon Khiva. Nearer and nearer the Russian eagle approach the lines of Afghanistan and Beloochistan, which will soon be the only remaining barrier on the west between Russia and India. With equal slowness but with equal certainty the borders of the Russian empire in Asia enlarge toward China and Hindoostan from the north. Thus gradually the circle of Russian authority widens in Asia as tribes and clans of semi-barbarous people with their little States are absorbed by the great empire. These absorptions justly excite the fears of European nations, for they well know they bring the hour of Russian supremacy in Asia nearer and nearer to her door.

It may be, too, that the annexation of Khiva and the provinces around the Caspian which so lately started England to her feet ready to unsheathe the sword, has for its real object the crumbling of Turkish authority in Asia by surrounding it on every side by Russian territory and Russian influence.

If Russia could lop off Turkey in Asia from the Turkish empire, and leave only Turkey in Europe subject to the Sultan, Turkish authority would then be confined to the western shores of the Bosphorus, while Russia would control the eastern shores and virtually the Dardanelles. Thus strengthened, the foot-hold of Russia in Europe as well as Asia would be well nigh immovable.

But it may well be supposed that Russia will never be allowed to absorb provinces along the Bosphorus through the artful policy of surrounding Turkish power in Asia, without a desperate struggle. But that such a struggle is approaching is indubitable. To calculate the relations of the probable combatants or the chances of defeat or victory would be a matter of uncertain speculation. The sympathies of Prussia, however, would doubtless be with Russia, while the rest of Europe would consolidate against her. But whatever relations the crisis may necessitate, the world awaits with eager interest the solution of the question of Russian supremacy in the Mediterranean and Asia.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ABROAD.

Scenes of Railroad Travel in India—A Station in Africa.

[Wonders of the Railway.]

One of the curiosities of the railroad is seen in descriptions of "Scenes of Railroad Travel in India." The Hindoo arrive at the station four or five hours before the departure of a train. They are always accompanied by friends, sometimes 200 or 300 of them, and the peasant, if his stay is to be for a week or two, generally brings a bag of rice, one of flour, a supply of ghee (butter) and a donkey load of sugar-cane, for he has heard that provisions are dear where he is going, and wants to live cheaply. But the poor fellow finds at the last moment that the freight charges are such as to turn the tables the other way. He cannot throw away his provisions, and so he pays the bill, with many maledictions and a heavy heart. The natives are not admitted to the station till an hour before the departure of a train, so they squat on their haunches outside in the sun, chewing sugar cane, eating sweet-meats and chatting with their friends. The noise, confusion, heat and stench are something wonderful.

When the ticket office is opened the clatter of voices rises to a wild uproar as the crowd rushes in, each man fighting his way as best he can. When the native presents himself at the window he is told that the price of his ticket is, for instance, 1 rupee 6 annas. Now he has all his life been accustomed to be asked one price and to pay another, and the state of mind of the official may be imagined when he is asked if he will not take 1 rupee 2 annas. If the native does not come to terms at once the policeman at hand gives him a crack with his stick to expedite matters. The Hindoo next rushes to the freight office to get his baggage weighed, and there again he tries to beat down the price. In the meantime the train has arrived and is ready to start, but the locomotive whistles and the bell rings in vain, only one-half the crowd is yet aboard.

If one of the mob wants to find a friend in the crowd, he raises so terrific a yell for him, calling him by name, that the sound drowns even the whistle. It is usually half an hour after the advertised time that the last man is in his place and the train moves off. There are no seats in the cars occupied by the natives. They all sit on the floor, first stripping themselves to the waist. The third and fourth class cars are, one and all, distinguished by the quiet and fragrance of a herring-barrel, and all the picturesqueness derivable from an endless welter of bare brown arms and legs, shaven crowns and shaggy black hair, white cloaks, red wrappers, blue or scarlet caps and turbans, grinning teeth, rolling black eyes, and sharp-pointed noses adorned with silver rings so large that you feel tempted to take them and give a double knock, all exhaling a mingled perfume of cocoanut oil and overheated humanity so strong as to knock down a fireman.

In Africa the scene is also varied. At the stations every one moves slowly and gently, as if overpowered with drowsiness. In the baggage department there is a dark fellow with a red fez, who pays no attention to the clamors of the crowd who want their baggage checked. Here are men and women selling cards, lettuce and black bread, all eagerly purchased by the passenger. All at once the station agent rings a large dinner-bell which he has been carrying for a half-hour on his shoulder, a guard in red fez closes the doors, the blue gowns and bare feet, the water-jugs and prayer-mats and carpets, the tins and brass-waiters are all stowed away, and, without whistling or puffing, the engine moves out from the shadowy station to the intense white sunshine. At every station there is a loud outcry for water to wash the hands, this being a necessary preliminary to prayer, and the Turks, not wishing to lose any time, pray during most of the trip, while bad meals at incredible prices are to be had at occasional stations."

One Hundred Years Old.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The College of France, at the recent Elysian levee in Paris, was headed by a rival of Sir Moses Montefiore, M. Chevreul, dean of that body, who will be 100 years old next August. He fills the chair of chemistry, and is at the head of the chemical department of the Gobelins. Though he comes from a wine country, he is a water-drinker. Notwithstanding his age, he rises at 5 and takes a long matutinal walk in all weathers in the Jardin des Plantes, where he lives and attends to his professional duties, which are ordinary. His father was a doctor. Though he enjoys the present, he takes infinite pleasure in thinking about the past and recalling the images of most of the celebrated French men and women of the century. He dresses according to the style that was in vogue in Charles X's reign, but is too absent-minded to be neat in his carriage. In going to the levee he forgot to put on the white muslin neckcloth which serves him as a cravat.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

Wherein She Differs from the New York Girl.

[New York Mail and Express.]

I know plenty of young men who contrive to have a great deal of cheap fun at the expense of the average Boston girl. The newspapers, pictorial weeklies and even the magazines foster them in it. Some of the girls, to be sure, are curious creatures, but many whom the New Yorker in Boston has met are remarkably nice and first-rate people to know. To be sure, they are wholly different from the young ladies he is accustomed to meet at home. They have more substance, but less sparkle. A New Yorker feels constrained to be careful what he says and how he says it. After an hour's chat he goes away feeling very tired, and his heart doesn't bound with delight at an invitation to call again. He doesn't feel half so sorry to go as he does after a little witch in his own city has been entertaining him. He feels a strong desire to go home and read up. For the street the Boston girl dresses plainly but expensively, and with an utter disregard of what in New York is called style. She neither seems to know nor to care how to put on her clothes to the best effect. A female relative of the New Yorker tells him that they are very thorough; that beneath the plain skirt of a Boston damsel you will never see a cheap or soiled linen underskirt, but clean and costly as her purse will allow. This female relative asserts, moreover, that with many New York maidens who make considerable outward display, the reverse is the case. Many an expensive silk raiment hides from all but the critical of her own sex a shockingly untidy petticoat. As this is altogether out of my tailwiek, I drop it with a mere statement of the facts.

The Boston girl won't flirt in the street. She comports herself as though conscious that every one was looking at her. She is not so hardened and indifferent to the opinion of strangers by constant contact with all phases of metropolitan life as a New York girl is. This applies not only to young ladies who have nothing in the world to do but to dress, amuse themselves and find a husband, but to the girls who must work for a living in the shops and offices. The colliering army on Fourteenth street any evening after 6 o'clock would shock and disgust them. They march along home by twos and threes, walking neither to the right nor left, with what Howells has called the "sad paucity of uncurtained women." They are the perfection of all that is demure and discreet. The young men, on the other hand, pay no attention to them. They push on to their homes with all haste, and hurry off to spend the evenings among others of their sex in one of the many gymnasiums, schools, reading-rooms, billiard parlors and like resorts which Boston seems to have provided in abundance for growing youth. At a large seaside skating rink last evening, where thousands of young people rattled around on rollers for an evening's fascinating enjoyment, I noticed scores of young women sitting around on the benches, skating only now and then with a chance male companion or gliding along the smooth floor in lonely grandeur. Fully as many young men, too, skated by themselves or sat staring at the girls.

"Why don't some of those fellows summon up courage and assist the ladies?" I asked my companion.

"Oh," he answered with an astonished look, "that wouldn't do in Boston. A young man would be put from the building if he spoke to a lady without an introduction."

It was actually forbidden in the printed rules. Fancy the condition of affairs in the big rink at Coney island. The particular set of New York maidens who go to places of that kind without an escort are quite sharp enough to skate with a susceptible young man without permitting him to cause them any annoying or inconvenient recognition after ward. After all, New York girls are a little hardened and blinded by custom. They are always in for a lively time, but the Boston girl can swamp them with "book larnin'." Even the shop girls and the waiters in ice-cream saloons keep books with the leaves turned down, and store their minds with knowledge which they hope to make useful during a lull in trade.

Ancestors of the American Indians.

[Science.]

The fact is we do not know who the Indians are, or who were the old builders of Palenque, of Uxmal, of Tiahuanco, and numerous other old cities from Mexico to the eastern side of the Andes in South America. Until we awake to the fact that America has an interesting past, and can arouse ourselves to the effort of making out the ancestors and descendants of all these peoples who have left us such marked differences in their architecture, their works of art, their customs and their languages, we act the part of amateurs, when from a little knowledge of a few of these different conditions, and from superficial or very general resemblances, we draw hasty conclusions.

Only the most thorough explorations, conducted by men who have broad views and careful methods of work,—men who are above being led by theories to be maintained; who will look at facts in the same manner as a geologist or a biologist looks at his facts, letting them lead him where they will—will solve for us the great problems of American Archæology. The days of collectors of curiosities and beauty writers are over. Archæology is a science, and no longer in the hands of the mercenary dealer and the equally avaricious collector of curiosities. Give the proper institutions the support they ask for, and the near future will bring valuable results.

Benton's Favorite Dish.

[Baltimore Herald.]

"Senator Benton, of Missouri, was a mighty funny man about his eating," continued Uncle Steve. "I was at the National hotel for a long time while he boarded there, and I can say that he was about as fussy a man as you ever saw. He could talk more and pay his waiters less than any congressman I ever waited on. In the morning he would say to me: 'Steve, you black rascal, bring me a Missouri cocktail.' That would mean whisky straight, two drinks in one. He would call for pretty much everything on the bill of fare, but he didn't touch much of it. What do you suppose was his favorite dish? Bacon and molasses, as sure as you are born! He would have a big dish of bacon fried crisp, with the gravy at the bottom. Then he would pour a pint of molasses over it, and I tell you, when he got through there wasn't anything left but the dish. That's the reason Mr. Benton had his meals mostly in his room. He did not want people to know that he was so fond of bacon and molasses."

Cure for Rheumatism.

[Phrenological Journal.]

Dr. Hall advises as "the easiest, most certain, and least hurtful way of curing this troublesome affection is, first, to keep the joint affected wound round with several folds of woolen flannel; second, live entirely on the lightest kind of food, such as coarse bread, ripe fruit, berries, boiled turnips, stewed apples, and the like."

Sea-Sickness.

A Massachusetts man has discovered a sure cure for sea-sickness. It is a counter-irritant in the shape of a mild blister application behind the ear.

Nashville American: Our boys seem born with the pernicious American idea of jumping into a fortune by being "smart."

THE WORLD'S DRINKING HABITS

From a General Point of View—The London Times' Statistics—Curious Facts.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Looking at the liquor-drinking habits of the world from a broad, general point of view, and comparing the evils of alcohol in this country with other countries, the prohibitionists ought to be consoled with the thought that Americans are not so bad as they are painted, and the additional thought of what the extent of their task would be if they were working for compulsory temperance in almost any other country except this. The following table, which was compiled by The London Times, showing the average yearly consumption of spirits, wine and beer per capita of population in various countries in litres (the litre being about a quart), will be of interest not only to them but to the general reader:

	Spirits, litres.	Wine, litres.	Beer, litres.
Canada	0.98	0.30	8.50
Norway	1.90	1.00	15.50
United States	4.70	2.64	31.90
Great Britain and Ireland	5.37	2.09	143.20
Austria-Hungary	5.70	22.40	28.40
France	7.28	119.20	21.10
Russia	8.08	Unknown	4.26
Sweden	8.14	6.36	11.00
German Zollverein	8.20	6.00	65.00
Belgium	9.13	2.70	108.20
Switzerland	15.20	55.60	67.80
Netherlands	9.57	2.57	57.00
Denmark	18.90	1.09	33.30

From this table it will be observed that the Americans drink less spirits than the people of Great Britain, Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, the Netherlands or Denmark in proportion to population: less wine than Austria, France, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland; and less beer than Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark. We have the reputation of being great whisky-drinkers, yet only Canada and Norway consume less.

There are other curious facts to be found in this table. Germany has the reputation of being the great beer-drinking country of the world, and yet it is surpassed by Great Britain, while they imbibe nearly twice as much, and Belgium, where they drink still more. The smaller the country the more bibulous they appear. In little Belgium they drink (per Belgian) twice as much spirits as the American, almost twice as much wine as the Englishman, six times as much beer as a Dutchman, and nearly three times as much as a German, while the average Swiss drinks twice as much spirits as any other nationality except a Dane, more wine than any people in Europe except the French, and more beer than any other people except the British, Germans and Belgians. The Dane stands at the head as a drinker of spirits, the Frenchman as a drinker of wine, and the Belgian as a drinker of beer. By the side of such figures as these the American, with his five quarts of whisky and three quarts of wine per annum, makes a poor showing.

Soapstone for Walls.

[The Milestone.]

The latest invention for covering walls and ceilings is called "soapstone finish," and is mainly composed of stentite. It takes a high polish, is pearl-gray in tint, presents the best possible surface for painting; either in oil or water-color, and will neither chap nor chip. It is claimed to be a non-conductor and non-absorbent, and can be washed without injury. Nails can be driven into it without damage. When subjected to heat, and moisture and chemical fumes, it is said to give no smell; it also does not turn yellow with age. It is recommended for hospitals, factories, cellars, markets, closets, pantries and kitchens, and is pleasanter to the eye than ordinary whitewash or cheap paper.

Astrology and Cholera.

[New York Mail.]

Belief in the malefic influences of the planets was universal, and the wisest of mankind were more or less influenced by horoscopes. As astronomy and physics advanced and more was learned of the secrets of nature, astrology fell into disrepute, and has exercised little influence over the affairs of men for two centuries past. Now, however, it seems to be reviving. In a recent report of the United States consul at a French port, it was stated that the spread of the cholera was largely attributed by scientific men to the influence of the prevalent astronomical conditions, or at least to telluric and atmospheric conditions, over which the planets are supposed to have some influence.

"Stick, Brother, Stick."

[Journal of Education.]

Years ago, when a young minister in a trying position out west, we fell into a deep rut of discouragement and poured out our sorrows in a letter to an eminent doctor of divinity, who had grown up with a new city and had become one of the foremost divines and educators of the state, his reply was characteristic of the man: "My dear brother, stick. All that I have ever accomplished in this new country has been by sticking power. I have seen two generations of driftwood swept past my door, but I am here yet. Stick, brother, stick."

Popular Songs.

[Enquirer Interview.]

"What style of songs are the easiest written?"

"Motto songs are easily written, because there you get over the grand difficulty, viz., the finding of a subject. They always go, for the reason that, as I said before, they contain something that the masses understand and recognize instantly. The song-writer who is wise will always write at the gallery. If he can just fire up the boys in the gallery he is all right, or rather his song is. They take up the air if it is snappy and catchy and will whistle it on the streets until it is threadbare. There is no use of anybody trying to shoot a lot of philosophy and deep wisdom at the public through the medium of a song. When people want to hear songs they are not in the humor for listening to a learned screed on a question of metaphysics. They want something bright, lively and sparkling, even if it is nonsense to a certain degree. They either want to laugh at it or cry. The crying kind requires the highest order of ability on the part of the artist who sings it. Comic songs are easier to sing. So are serio-comics."

Money to Look At.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A friend told me that in West Virginia he went to a house and got food for himself and companions and their horses. He wanted to pay for this, but the woman was ashamed to take pay for a mere act of kindness. He pressed the money upon her. Finally she said: "If you don't think I am mean I will take 25 cents from you, so as to look at it now and then, for there has been no money in this house for a year." The money in this house for a year." The man bought his groceries, saying that there were present his grace the duke of Connaught, his excellency the minister of this and the honorable colonel thus, and others of minor importance.'" "I didn't hear your name, though," the friend remarked. "Oh, I," replied the professor, "was one of those others of minor importance."

Whistler and Nature.

[Exchange.]

A lady admirer said recently to Mr. Whistler: "I was calling down the river the other day from Westminster to Chelsea. I saw Whistler everywhere. Whistler in the clouds, Whistler in the dim outlines of the houses, Whistler in the haze that hung on the water." "Yes," Whistler is reported to have said complacently, "I think nature is getting on finely."

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

The Hunt by Which a Hunter Secured His Game.

[William A. Baillie-Grohman in The Century.]

The antelope-goat is a singularly fearless animal, while its innate curiosity will lead it to brave dangers from which most other wild animals will flee. Let me relate one incident that will prove this. I had sighted a solitary ram grazing on one of the frequent amphitheatre-shaped steep slopes, but well down about the middle of the declivity, while I was on the top of the knife-backed ridge. Unfortunately the goat had seen me, and had taken to his hoofs, but in a very leisurely manner, keeping in his flight a course parallel to mine, i. e., approaching neither the top nor the bottom of the slope. I judged it to be some 550 yards down to him, and my trial shot, taken very steadily while he was making one of his frequent stands, and which missed him a little to the left, proved my estimation to be fairly correct.

I hoped to get nearer, so I reserved my fire, and for the next three-quarters of an hour a most exciting steeple-chase took place, I following the ridge, which was of the usual impassible character, while the ram pursued, as I have said, a parallel course, keeping half-way up the slope. The chamois would have put himself to greater distance in a few minutes. True, the path was not a smooth one; indeed, if such a way it could be, huge bowlders, piled over each other or separated by dark yawning chasms, generally too broad even for a goat's muscles, making progress very slow. But no doubt there was a good deal of fooling about the old ram's proceedings; for from time to time he would squat down and take a rest much amused, no doubt by the frantic scrambles of his breathless pursuer above him, clearly outlined against the horizon, and feeling very sure that the shaking aim would be anything but dangerous to him. In this he was right; for eleven times in the course of that singular race did I throw myself flat on some handy rock, and take as deliberate aim as my shaking hands, trembling from the exertion in the rarefying atmosphere of these high altitudes, would allow. Eleven times the bullet whizzed past him, once detaching a fragment of rock, which must have hit him, for I could distinctly perceive him make a side jump.

I was very nearly at "my wind's end," completely fagged out by my run, which, as I looked back, I saw covered very nearly the whole vast semicircle of the ridge, and which, as I afterward found, was keenly watched with glasses by my friend and some of the men from their camp, far down in the mountain-side. By this time I had one cartridge left. Hunter and hunted were approaching the end of the semicircle ridge, where it fell off in one enormous precipice, a configuration of the ground that, of course, would shortly terminate the chase, a continuation being only feasible to winged creatures. The ram, still about 400 yards off, was steering for a tooth-like crag, separated from the main ridge by a profound abyss. Here evidently he felt himself secure, and as I watched him sit down very and as I watched him sit down very leisurely to take in all the fun of my defeat, I felt very uncharitable sentiments of exasperation that would be caused in a naked human body by exposure to a tropical sun; that, in fact, the pigment plays the same part as a piece of smoked glass held between the sun and the eye.

The Precursor of the Party.

[Boston Courier.]

Professor Charles Hitchcock once visited England, and, in a recent conversation with a friend, he remarked: "By the way, I got into The Court Journal while I was in England." "Indeed," the friend replied, with interest, "and how was that?" "Oh," returned Mr. Hitchcock, airily, "it was in the report of the duchess of So-and-So's garden party. The Journal described the affair and gave a list of the guests, saying that there were present his grace the duke of Connaught, his excellency the minister of this and the honorable colonel thus, and others of minor importance.'" "I didn't hear your name, though," the friend remarked. "Oh, I," replied the professor, "was one of those others of minor importance."

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[San Francisco Argonaut.]

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From the best information to be had in regard to this method it seems that the steam is intended for a sort of preparatory softening of the Chinese devil. He enters the tub according to the rules and regulations of the geysers, and, after the manner of the ancients of the graves, the grave clay has caked, dried and broken in the hard ground with his whole body, so as to conceal everything but his head. Then he is left to soak for several hours, after which he is lifted out, and, with a hard brush and soap, the clay is scrubbed off in small pieces. When the bather is entirely scrubbed off in small pieces. When the bather is entirely scrubbed off in small pieces. When the bather is entirely

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VOLUME XXII. SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1885. NUMBER 17.

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AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
Where the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

There is ever one spot of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
The hopeless of shore at last!

In the spirit its splendid conjectures,
In the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tenure by Time this worn lodging
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the people's very secret,—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge to the grave-yard
Would scarcely stay a child in his play,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vagues of space.

I can legislate, my friend, as perfect,
Your morals most dreadfully arise;
But, leave the earth crashed on her coffin,
I keep bearing that, and not you.

Console, if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But rest at all the preaching since Adam
Has matter Death other than Death.

Be as pagan as Nature, and tell me
That fair of earth, and dull shock
Where the glow-shame of deeper passion
Tears down our primitive rock,

Consecration by spent? Forgive me,
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my interests from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

The death-gaze swings with more reach;
Once, parting there, we played at guess;
There came a parting, when the weak
And failing lips ceased to speak
Namely — We meet again?"

Somewhere in comfort, somewhere faith,
The linen in dark remains
One sweet dust more ennobles death,
And until for righteous restlessness saith,
Softly — "We meet again!"

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a mourner's smile,
And unchiming whispers my despair,
That, from an ordered chamber there,
Floats down, "we meet again!"

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

WRITTEN BY W. J. MILLIKEN, FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL IN JULY, 1873.

Never since the time of the great Napoleon, have the politics of Europe assumed a more threatening aspect than at the present day; and never have the nations of that mighty continent been more convulsed with real and apprehended changes.

France humbled to the very dust before victorious Prussia; Prussia vaulting from the position of a third-rate power into the highest seat of military glory; Spain asserting the principle of freedom amidst the throes of revolution; and Russia shaking off the restrictions which jealous treaties have heretofore imposed, and absorbing new provinces in the valley of the Oxus, preparatory to a march sooner or later to Constantinople, all proclaim the presence of prodigious events, and foreshadow the coming of still greater catastrophies. The dissolution of the Treaty of Paris effected by Russia a few months ago and the more recent absorption of Khiva in the valley of the Oxus are the initial steps in the execution of a plan which aims at the absorption of a continent.

The ambition of Russia is boundless. Not content with an empire stretching from the Black Sea to the Arctic, and from the Baltic on through northern Asia to the Pacific, she is still ambitious of extending her dominions, and the shadow of this ambition falls ominously across Europe and darkens all Asia. She dreams of a mighty empire which shall claim oceans for its harbors and continents for its provinces. The plan which has long filled the outline of her imperial policy is to seize Constantinople, cross the Bosphorus, conquer Persia, and, passing the borders of Afghanistan, dispute with England for the possession of India. Her southern limits thus extended from the Bosphorus to the Ganges, the dominion of the continent becomes inevitable, and thus Asia is converted as a foot block to the throne of her empire.

The memories of the Crimea, then, are not obliterated. England will yet feel, in the robbery of her most flourishing provinces, the vengeance of that ambition which neither the diplomacy of statesmen nor the arms of consolidated soldieries can foil or conquer.

Nor does this plan involve simply territorial acquisition: it grasps at the greatest commercial advantages. Hitherto the commerce of England, France, Spain and nearly all Europe with India and China, has been subjected to slow and distant voyages around the Cape of Good Hope and the Indian Ocean. But since the opening of the Suez Canal a far more rapid and easy passage is found through the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. But give Russia Constantinople, and Russian keels will soon guard the straits of Gibraltar and the ports of Rosetta. For Constantinople controls the Dardanelles, and this passage to the Mediterranean once secured, Russian keels or policy would soon spread Russian mastery over all the Mediterranean. Thus fetter this important sea, and the commerce and very bread-markets of all southern Europe lie at the mercy of Russia. Then Spain, France, Italy, Turkey and Greece would be compelled to pay tribute to an empire as much dreaded as its ambition is aspiring. Truly "Constantinople is the key of the world," as Napoleon said at St. Helena. It was the fear of this plan that disturbed that illustrious warrior, and the fear of it to-day makes Europe tremble. Had Russia less power the spectre would seem less huge and formidable; but powerful as she is in numbers and resources the apprehensions of Europe are well grounded. The only obstacle which has hitherto prevented the consummation of this scheme, has been the Turkish Empire backed by the consolidated powers of Europe; and the maintenance of her territory unimpaired is the only impediment which can prevent it now. For the preservation of Turkey the resources of Europe must be pledged. Turkey, of herself, can offer no successful resistance to Russia. For a long time her power has been waning, and nothing has kept her in existence but the jealousies of other nations, fearful of ambitious Russia. As soon as these nations cease to come to the rescue the doom of Turkey and of the dominion of the Mediterranean is sealed. Let the feet of Russia once start for Constantinople, unimpeded by rival nations, and the Turkish empire will be trampled into powder. It is true the valor of the Turks is historic; but valor alone cannot accomplish all things. It may be heroic and desperate, but without material resources it is powerless. But while the valor of Russia is at no discount her resources are well-nigh illimitable. The largest and best accoutred army, a rapidly increasing navy, and the most unmeasured means, when developed, of any nation in Europe, await her imperial nod to convert plan into execution and ambition into conquest.

But it may be urged, if the plans of Russia are so formidable why did she submit the Black Sea question to a congress of powers? Why did she not improve her opportunity when France and Prussia were grappling and each was straining every nerve for mastery? Then, if ever, it may be thought her ambition could have been realized, for two of the foremost nations of Europe were so disposed that, if they could not be her friends, at least they could not well become her enemies. And when the number and power of her adversaries were thus reduced and weakened, why did she not strike if she has has intended to strike at all?

Dear as this scheme is to Russia, it may well be supposed that she is too discreet, if not too humane, to unnecessarily forfeit the sympathies of all Christendom by setting Europe at defiance and plunging headlong into aggressive war. "Generally if we can, forcibly if we must," is doubtless the policy of the Russian Czar. The submission of the Black Sea question to a congress of powers was a masterstroke of policy. No one can look at the position of Russia on the map, with a knowledge of her population, commerce and resources, without instantly perceiving the vital necessity of unrestrained outlet to the Mediterranean. Nearly three-fourths of the commerce of that great nation must be shipped by sea, and the Baltic, the only sea over which she has free control, is open to navigation but little more than one half the year. Hence the necessity of an outlet through the Dardanelles which admits of constant commercial advantages.

Russia has a large coast, too, on the Black Sea. But by the treaty of Paris her right of coast defense was grievously restricted. She was denied the right of maintaining in the Euxine a fleet of sufficient strength to protect her coast in case of invasion. With this restriction literally binding her in the south, the Dardanelles, in a military as well as commercial point of view, became to her precisely what the lower Mississippi, in the hands of a foreign power, would become to the United States.

Had Louisiana never been purchased from France, or had the southern states succeeded in establishing a separate confederacy, the parallel between the northern states and the Mississippi, and Russia and the Dardanelles, both in respect to self-defense and commerce, would be perfect.

As long as Russia was denied the right of maintaining in the Euxine a navy sufficient to insure her safety, any European nation that might league with Turkey could at any moment sail up the Dardanelles with hostile navies, sink the Russian fleet almost at a broad side, and ravage her defenseless coasts. Thus her most easily assailed parts were exposed to the assaults of foreign enemies. What nation would thus suffer its commerce to be subjected to the caprices of a foreign power, or would mildly permit its most easily assailed points to be in the hands of hostile nations? The demands of Russia in this respect were not only wise but just; and it was to call the attention of the nations to these facts, and to press home upon them the justness of these demands, that this submission was resorted to. No policy could have been wiser or more effective in riveting the sympathies of enlightened nations to her cause. Russia was well aware that if her demands were refused and war was invoked their intrinsic justice would go far to shield her from the censure of the world. If they were acceded to she was one step nearer the consummation of her plans. In either case, therefore, the policy pursued would be beneficial to Russia and injurious only to her foes.

But aside from these considerations Russia is not yet ready for such a war. However strong her armaments may be upon land; however rapidly her navy and other elements of strength may be rising into power, she is not yet ready for the threatened blow. The contest when begun will not be confined to land and the strife of armies. The sea will reel beneath the shock of navies, and her white foam redden at the breakdades of their squadrons.

To-day the combined fleets of England, France, Austria and Turkey could sweep the Russian banner from the seas. To oppose the navies of her adversaries with her present naval strength would be to court irretrievable disaster. She would only repeat the history of the French at Trafalgar or the Turks at Navarino. But as soon as the fleet of the Baltic shall be strong enough to protect the coasts of Russia that lie along that sea (a consummation not impossible nor distant,) and the fleet of the Euxine has grown to equal power, we may then believe that the decisive time has come.

And it may be, notwithstanding these seeming impediments, sooner than this England will hear the tread of her embattled legions in India. Slowly but surely the work of Russian absorption goes on east and southeast of the Caspian. The clutch of Russia is already upon Khiva. Nearer and nearer the Russian eagle approach the lines of Afghanistan and Beloochistan, which will soon be the only remaining barrier on the west between Russia and India. With equal slowness but with equal certainty the borders of the Russian empire in Asia enlarge toward China and Hindostan from the north. Thus gradually the circle of Russian authority widens in Asia as tribes and clans of semi-barbarous people with their little States are absorbed by the great empire. These absorptions justly excite the fears of European nations, for they well know they bring the hour of Russian supremacy in Asia nearer and nearer to her door.

It may be, too, that the annexation of Khiva and the provinces around the Caspian which so lately started England to her feet ready to unsheathe the sword, has for its real object the crumbling of Turkish authority in Asia by surrounding it on every side by Russian territory and Russian influence.

If Russia could lop off Turkey in Asia from the Turkish empire, and leave only Turkey in Europe subject to the Sultan, Turkish authority would then be confined to the western shores of the Bosphorus, while Russia would control the eastern shores and virtually the Dardanelles. Thus strengthened, the foot-hold of Russia in Europe as well as Asia would be well nigh immovable.

But it may well be supposed that Russia will never be allowed to absorb provinces along the Bosphorus through the artful policy of surrounding Turkish power in Asia, without a desperate struggle. But that such a struggle is approaching is indubitable. To calculate the relations of the probable combatants or the chances of defeat or victory would be a matter of uncertain speculation. The sympathies of Prussia, however, would doubtless be with Russia, while the rest of Europe would consolidate against her. But whatever relations the crisis may necessitate, the world awaits with eager interest the solution of the question of Russian supremacy in the Mediterranean and Asia.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ABROAD.

Scenes of Railroad Travel in India—A Station in Africa.

[Wonders of the Railway.]

One of the curiosities of the railroad is seen in descriptions of "Scenes of Railroad Travel in India." The Hindoos arrive at the station four or five hours before the departure of a train; they are always accompanied by friends, sometimes 200 or 300 of them, and the peasant, if his stay is to be for a week or two, generally brings a bag of rice, one of flour, a supply of ghee (butter) and a donkey-load of sugar-cane, for he has heard that provisions are dear where he is going, and wants to live cheaply. But the poor fellow finds at the last moment that the freight charges are such as to turn the tables the other way. He cannot throw away his provisions, and so he pays the bill, with many maledictions and a heavy heart. The natives are not admitted to the station till an hour before the departure of a train, so they squat on their hams outside in the sun, chewing sugar cane, eating sweet-meats and chatting with their friends. The noise, confusion, heat and stench are something wonderful.

When the ticket office is opened the clatter of voices rises to a wild uproar as the crowd rushes in, each man fighting his way as best he can. When the native presents himself at the window he is told that the price of his ticket is, for instance, 1 rupee 6 annas. Now he has all his life been accustomed to be asked one price and to pay another, and the state of mind of the official may be imagined when he is asked if he will not take 1 rupee 2 annas. If the native does not come to terms at once the policeman at hand gives him a crack with his stick to expedite matters. The Hindoo next rushes to the freight office to get his baggage weighed, and there again he tries to beat down the price. In the meantime the train has arrived and is ready to start; but the locomotive whistles and the bell rings in vain, only one-half the crowd is yet aboard.

If one of the mob wants to find a friend in the crowd, he raises so terrific a yell for him, calling him by name, that the sound drowns even the whistle. It is usually half an hour after the advertised time that the last man is in his place and the train moves off. There are no seats in the cars occupied by the natives. They all sit on the floor, first stripping themselves to the waist. The third and fourth-class cars are, one and all, distinguished by the quilt and fragrance of a monkey-house, the roominess of a herring-barrel, and all the picturesqueness derivable from an endless welter of bare brown arms and legs, shaven crowns and shaggy black hair, white cloaks, red wrappers, blue or scarlet caps and turbans, grinning teeth, rolling black eyes, and sharp-pointed noses adorned with silver rings so large that you feel tempted to take them and give a double knock, all exhaling a mingled perfume of cocoanut oil and overheated humanity so strong as to knock down a fireman.

In African the scene is also varied. At the stations every one moves slowly and gently, as if overpowered with drowsiness. In the baggage department there is a dark fellow with a red fez, who pays no attention to the clamors of the crowd who want their baggage checked. Here are men and women selling curds, lettuce and black bread, all eagerly purchased by the passenger. All at once the station agent rings a large dinner-bell which he has been carrying for a half-hour on his shoulder, a guard in red fez closes the doors, the blue gowns and fez-s fez, the water-jugs and prayer-mats and carpets, the tins and brass-waiters are all stowed away, and, without whistling or puffing, the engine moves out from the shadowy station to the intense white sunshine. At every station there is a loud outcry for water to wash the hands, this being a necessary preliminary to prayer, and in Turin, not wishing to lose any time, pray during most of the trip, while bad meals at incredible prices are to be had at occasional stations."

One Hundred Years Old.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The College of France, at the recent Elysian fetes in Paris, was headed by a rival of Sir Moses Montefiore, M. Chevreul, dean of that body, who will be 100 years old next August. He fills the chair of chemistry, and is at the head of the chemical department of the Gobelins. Though he comes from a vine country, he is a water-drinker. Notwithstanding his age, he rises at 6 and takes a long matutinal walk in all weathers in the Jardin des Plantes, where he lives and attends to his professional duties, which are arduous. His father was a doctor. Though he enjoys the present, he takes infinite pleasure in thinking about the past and recalling the images of most of the celebrated French men and women of the century. He dresses according to the style that was in vogue in Charles X's reign, but is no ghost-minded to be neat in his apparel. In going to the levee he forgot to put on the white cravat necessary to full dress, and he did not discover his error until he reached the Elysee.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

Modern Wherein She Differs from the New York Girl.

[New York Mail and Express.]

I know plenty of young men who contrive to have a great deal of cheap fun at the expense of the average Boston girl. The newspapers, pictorial weeklies and even the magazines foster them in it. Some of the girls, to be sure, are curious creatures, but many whom the New Yorker in Boston has met are remarkably nice and first-rate people to know. To be sure, they are wholly different from the young ladies he is accustomed to meet at home. They have more substance, but less sparkle. A New Yorker feels constrained to be careful what he says and how he says it. After an hour's chat he goes away feeling very tired, and his heart doesn't bound with delight at an invitation to call again. He doesn't feel half so sorry to go as he does after a little witch in his own city has been entertaining him. He feels a strong desire to go home and read up. For the street the Boston girl dresses plainly but expensively, and with an utter disregard of what in New York is called style. She neither seems to know nor to care how to put on her clothes for the best effect. A female relative of the New Yorker tells him that things are very thorough; that beneath the plain skirt of a Boston damsel you will never see a cheap or soiled linen underskirt, but clean and costly as her purse will allow. This female relative asserts, moreover, that with many New York maidens who make considerable outward display, the reverse is the case. Many an expensive silk raiment hides from all but the critical of her own sex a shockingly untidy petticoat. As this is altogether out of my bailiwick, I drop it with a mere statement of the facts.

The Boston girl won't flirt in the street. She comports herself as though conscious that every one was looking at her. She is not so hardened and indifferent to the opinion of strangers by constant contact with all phases of metropolitan life as a New York girl is. This applies not only to young ladies who have nothing in the world to do but to dress, amuse themselves and find a husband, but to the girls who must work for a living in the shops and offices. The rollicking army on Fourteenth street any evening after 6 o'clock would shock and disgust them. They march along home by twos and threes, looking neither to the right nor left, with what Howells has called the "sad patience of uncourted women." They are the perfection of all that is demure and discreet. The young men, on the other hand, pay no attention to them. They push on to their homes with all haste, and hurry off to spend the evenings among others of their sex in one of the many gymnasiums, schools, reading-rooms, billiard parlors and like resorts which Boston seems to have provided in abundance for growing youth. At a large seaside skating rink last evening, where thousands of young people rattled around on rollers for an evening's fascinating enjoyment, I noticed scores of young women sitting around on the benches, skating only now and then with a chance male companion or gliding along the smooth floor in lonely grandeur. Fully as many young men, too, skated by themselves or sat staring at the girls.

"Why don't some of those fellows summon up courage and assist the ladies?" I asked my companion.

"Oh," he answered with an astonished look, "that wouldn't do in Boston. A young man would be put from the building if he spoke to a lady without an introduction."

It was actually forbidden in the printed rules. Fancy the condition of affairs in the big rink at Coney island. The particular set of New York maidens who go to places of that kind without an escort are quite sharp enough to skate with a susceptible young man without permitting him to cause them any annoying or inconvenient recognition afterward. After all, New York girls are a little hardened and blinded by custom. They are always in for a lively time, but the Boston girl can swamp them with "book larnin'." Even the shop girls and the waiters in ice-cream saloons keep books with the leaves turned down, and store their minds with knowledge which they hope to make useful during a lull in trade.

Ancestors of the American Indians.

[Science.]

The fact is we do not know who the Indians are, or who were the old builders of Palenque, of Uxmal, of Tlahuanuco, and numerous other old cities from Mexico to the eastern side of the Andes in South America. Until we awake to the fact that America has an interesting past, and can arouse ourselves to the effort of making out the ancestors and descendants of all these peoples who have left us such marked differences in their architecture, their works of art, their customs and their languages, we act the part of amateurs, when from a little knowledge of a few of these different conditions, and from superficial or very general resemblances, we draw hasty conclusions.

Only the most thorough explorations, conducted by men who have broad views and careful methods of work,—men who are above being led by theories to be maintained; who will look at facts in the same manner as a geologist or a biologist looks at his facts, letting them lead him where they will—will solve for us the great problems of American Archæology. The days of collectors of curiosities and hasty writers are over. Archæology is a science, and no longer in the hands of the mercenary dealer and the equally avaricious collector of curiosities. Give the proper institutions the support they ask for, and the near future will bring valuable results.

Benton's Favorite Dish.

[Baltimore Herald.]

"Senator Benton, of Missouri, was a mighty funny man about his eating," continued Uncle Steve. "I was at the National hotel for a long time while he boarded there, and I can say that he was about as fussy a man as you ever saw. He could get more and pay his waiters less than any congressman I ever waited on. In the morning he would say to me: 'Steve, you black rascal, bring me a Missouri cocktail.' That would mean whisky straight, two drinks in one. He would call for pretty much everything on the bill of fare, but he didn't touch much of it. What do you suppose was his favorite dish? Bacon and molasses, as sure as you are born! He would have a big dish of bacon fried crisp, with the gravy at the bottom. Then he would pour a pint of molasses over it, and I tell you, when he got through there wasn't anything left but the dish. That's the reason Mr. Benton had his meals mostly in his room. He did not want people to know that he was so fond of bacon and molasses."

Cure for Rheumatism.

[Phrenological Journal.]

Dr. Hall advises as "the easiest, most certain, and least hurtful way of curing this troublesome affection is, first, to keep the joint affected wound round with several folds of woollen flannel; second, live entirely on the lightest kind of food, such as coarse breads, ripe fruit, berries, boiled turnips, stewed apples, and the like."

Sea-Sickness.

A Massachusetts man has discovered a sure cure for sea-sickness. It is counter-irritant in the shape of a mild blister application behind the ear.

Nashville American: Our boys seem born with the pernicious American idea of jumping into a fortune by being "smart."

THE WORLD'S DRINKING HABITS

From a General Point of View—The London Times' Statistics—Curious Facts.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Looking at the liquor-drinking habits of the world from a broad, general point of view, and comparing the evils of alcohol in this country with other countries, the prohibitionists ought to be consoled with the thought that Americans are not so bad as they are painted, and the additional thought of what the extent of their task would be if they were working for compulsory temperance in almost any other country except this. The following table, which was compiled by The London Times, showing the average yearly consumption of spirits, wine and beer per capita of population in various countries in litres (the litre being about a quart), will be of interest not only to them but to the general reader:

	Spirits, litres.	Wine, litres.	Beer, litres.
Canada	3.08	0.39	8.50
Norway	3.90	1.09	15.30
United States	4.79	2.64	31.80
Great Britain and Ireland	5.37	2.09	143.90
Austria-Hungary	5.79	22.40	98.40
France	7.28	119.20	21.10
Russia	8.06	Unknown	4.08
Sweden	8.14	0.26	11.00
German Zollverein	5.60	6.00	65.00
Belgium	9.20	2.70	169.20
Switzerland	15.28	35.60	87.40
Netherlands	9.87	2.57	27.00
Denmark	18.00	1.00	33.90

From this table it will be observed that the Americans drink less spirits than the people of Great Britain, Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, the Netherlands or Denmark in proportion to population; less wine than Austria, France, and less beer than Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark. We have the reputation of being great whisky-drinkers, yet only Canada and Norway consume less.

There are other curious facts to be found in this table. Germany has the reputation of being the great beer-drinking country of the world, and yet it is surpassed by Great Britain, while they imbibe nearly twice as much, and Belgium, where they drink still more. The smaller the country the more bibulous they appear. In little Belgium they drink (per Belgian) twice as much spirits as the American, almost twice as much wine as the Englishman, six times as much beer as a Dutchman, and nearly three times as much as a German, while the average Swiss drinks twice as much spirits as any other nationality except a Dane, more wine than any people in Europe except the French, and more beer than any other people except the British, Germans and Belgians. The Dane stands at the head as a drinker of spirits, the Frenchman as a drinker of wine, and the Belgian as a drinker of beer. By the side of such figures as these an American, with his five quarts of whisky and three quarts of wine per annum, makes a poor showing.

Soapstone for Walls.

[The Milestone.]

The latest invention for covering walls and ceilings is called "soapstone finish," and is mainly composed of steatite. It takes a high polish, is pearl-gray in tint, presents the best possible surface for painting, either in oil or water-color, and will neither chap nor chip. It is claimed to be a non-conductor and non-absorbent, and can be washed without injury. Nails can be driven into it without damage. When subjected to heat, and moisture and chemical fumes, it is said to give no smell; it also does not turn yellow with age. It is recommended for hospitals, factories, cellars, marble closets, pantries and kitchens, and is pleasanter to the eye than ordinary whitewash or cheap paper.

Astrology and Cholera.

[New York Mail.]

Belief in the malefic influences of the planets was universal, and the wisest of mankind were more or less influenced by horoscopes. As astronomy and physics advanced and more was learned of the secrets of nature, astrology fell into disrepute, and has exercised little influence over the affairs of men for two centuries past. Now, however, it seems to be reviving. In a recent report of the United States consul at a French port, it was stated that the spread of the cholera was largely attributed by the least to solluric and atmospheric conditions, over which the planets are supposed to have some influence.

"Stick, Brother, Stick."

[Journal of Education.]

Years ago, when a young minister in a trying position out west, we fell into a deep of discouragement and poured out our sorrows in a letter to an eminent doctor of divinity, who had grown up with a new city and had become one of the foremost divines and educators of the state, his reply was characteristic of the man: "My dear brother, stick. All that I have ever accomplished in this new country has been by sticking power. I have seen two generations of driftwood swept past my door, but I am here yet. Stick, brother, stick."

Popular Songs.

[Enquirer Interview.]

"What style of songs are the easiest written?"

"Motto songs are easily written, because there you get over the grand difficulty, viz., the finding of a subject. They always go, for the reason that, as I said before, they contain something that the masses understand and recognize instantly. The song-writer who is wise will always write at the gallery. If he can just fire up the boys in the gallery he is all right, or rather his song is. They take up the air if it is snappy and catchy and will whistle it on the streets until it is threadbare. There is no use of anybody trying to shoot a lot of philosophy and deep wisdom at the public through the medium of a song. When people want to hear songs they are not in the humor for listening to a learned screed on a question of metaphysics. They want something bright, lively and sparkling, even if it is nonsense to a certain degree. They either want to laugh at it or cry. The crying kind requires the highest order of ability on the part of the artist who sings it. Comic songs are easier to sing. So are serio-comics."

Money to Look At.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A friend told me that in West Virginia he went to a house and got food for himself and companions and their horses. He wanted to pay for this, but the woman was ashamed to take pay for a mere act of kindness. He pressed the money upon her. Finally she said: "If you don't think I am mean I will take 25 cents from you, so as to look at it now and then, for there has been no money in this house for a year." The little farm and barter at the store had supplied all the absolute wants of this woman.

The Mysterious Mandrake.

[Inter Ocean.]

The gloomiest superstitions ever attached to the mandrake and not a few of them survive. The plant was believed to grow underneath gibbets and to shriek and groan when pulled up, which cries falling on the ears of any living thing must prove fatal. Hence, it is still customary among the ignorant peasantry of Germany when gathering the mandrake for its high medicinal qualities, to tie a dog to the plant and compel him to pluck it up, the bystander stopping his ears meanwhile. The root is a love charm among the southern Europeans and is used also as an oracle for telling events and answering questions by a modification of this kind.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.

The Ease by Which a Hunter Escaped His Guns.

[William A. Baillie-Grohman in The Century.]

The antelope-goat is a singularly fearless animal, while its innate curiosity will lead it to brave dangers from which most other wild animals will flee. Let me relate one incident that will prove this. I had sighted a solitary ram grazing on one of the frequent amphitheatre-shaped steep slopes, but well down about the middle of the declivity, while I was on the top of the knife-backed ridge. Unfortunately the goat had seen me, and had taken to his hoofs, but in a very leisurely manner, keeping in his flight a course parallel to mine, i. e., approaching neither the top nor the bottom of the slope. I judged it to be some 550 yards down to him, and my trial shot, taken very steadily while he was making one of his frequent stands, and which missed him a little to the left, proved my estimation to be fairly correct.

I hoped to get nearer, so I reserved my fire, and for the next three-quarters of an hour a most exciting steeple-chase took place, I following the ridge, which was of the usual impossible character, while the ram pursued, as I have said, a parallel course, keeping half, a parallel course, keeping half, way up the slope. The climbing would have put himself beyond distance in a few minutes. True, the path was not a smooth one; indeed, it was as rough as it well could be, huge bowlders, piled over each other or separated by dark yawning chasms, generally too broad even for a goat's muscles, making progress very slow. But no doubt there was a good deal of fooling about the old ram's proceedings; for from time to time he would squat down and take a rest much amused, no doubt by the frantic scrambles of his breathless pursuer above him, clearly outlined against the horizon, and feeling very sure that the shaking aim would be anything but dangerous to him. In this he was right; for eleven times in the course of that singular race did I throw myself flat on some handy rock, and take as deliberate aim as my shaking hands, trembling from the exertion in the trying atmosphere of these high altitudes, would allow. Eleven times the bullet whizzed past him, once detaching a fragment of rock, which must have hit him, for I could distinctly perceive him make a side jump.

I was very nearly at "my wind's end," completely fagged out by my run, which, as I looked back, I saw covered very nearly the whole vast semicircle of the ridge, and which, as I afterward found, was keenly watched with glasses by my friend and some of the men from their camp, far down the mountain-side. By this time I had one cartridge left. Hunter and hunted were approaching the end of the semicircle ridge, where it fell off in one enormous precipice, a configuration of the ground that, of course, would shortly terminate the chase, a continuation being only feasible to winged creatures. The ram, still about 400 yards off, was steering for a tooth-like crag, separated from the main ridge by a profound abyss. Here evidently he felt himself secure, and as I watched him sit down very leisurely to take in all the fun of my defeat, I felt very uncharitable sentiments escaping my parched and breathless lips. A quarter of an hour's much-needed breathing spell allowed me at this juncture to survey the ground. The distance separating us was about 400 yards. It would have been folly to risk my last cartridge at this long range. The ram was evidently feeling very much at home, and (as I could easily see with my glasses) kept his gaze steadfastly fixed upon me.

The formation of the ground, as I presently discovered, favored the employment of the following ruse—which, as the sequel will show, proved successful. Retiring behind the top of the ridge, I took off my canvas jumper and hat, dressed up a handy stone with these garments, and, slowly lifting it on the top of the ridge, deposited it there, in plain sight of the watchful ram. Then I disappeared, and made a long detour, including a disagreeable creep along a ledge, where my progress was tantalizingly slow—for the precarious nature of the shelving rock, in places only a foot or two in width, with a deep precipice at my side, obliged me to take off my boots and stockings so as to gain a surer footing, while the wind, unpleasantly cold, pierced my single upper garment (a flannel shirt), saturated with perspiration, making me shiver and shake. I finally managed to weather the great buttress of rock at a considerably lower level, and to approach the ram from a direction he little expected, to within 150 yards or so. It was an anxious minute as I lifted my head inch by inch over a projecting ledge, and there, in plain view, saw my game, his gazed still fixed upward at my dummy. For full five minutes I lay there, what with the excitement and sheer breathlessness, I instinctively felt that every minute thus gained would bring my bullet an inch nearer to my quarry. When finally my Express pealed forth its sharp crack, the ram was my meat.

A most singular, not to say fantastic, habit of the antelope-goat is worthy of special notice. It is the practice of sitting up on his haunches like a dog, and when anything startles him to squat back and raise his front legs from the ground, much in the position of a "begging" poodle. The hide and hair on the rump of the old animals are quite worn and much thicker than elsewhere. On one occasion I approached such squatting goats to within sixty yards.

Why Negroes Are Black.

[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

Sergeon Maj. N. Alcock has contributed to Nature an interesting communication as to why the tropical man is black, in which he suggests that as in the lowest animals pigment-cells placed behind a transparent nerve termination exalt its vibration to the highest pitch, the reverse takes places when, as in the negro, the pigment-cells are placed in front of the nerve terminations, and that the black pigment in the skin serves to lessen the intensity of the nerve vibrations that would be caused in a naked human body by exposure to a tropical sun; that, in fact, the pigment plays the same part as a piece of smoked glass held between the sun and the eye.

The Presence at the Party.

[Boston Courier.]

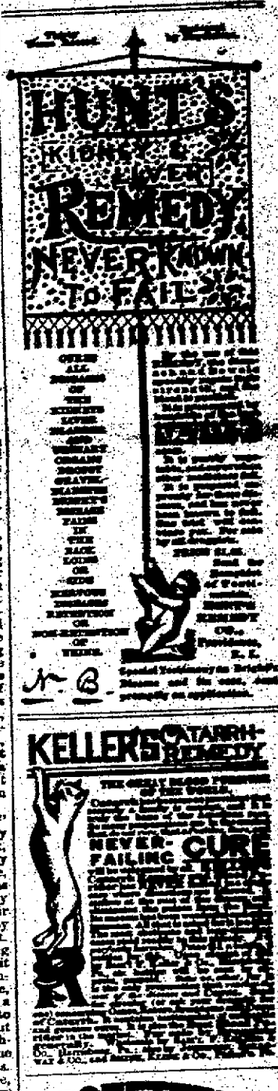
Professor Charles Hitchcock once visited England, and, in a recent conversation with a friend, he remarked: "By the way, I got into The Court Journal the way, I got into The Court Journal when I was in England." "Indeed," when I was in England." "Indeed," the friend replied, with interest, "and how was that?" "Oh," returned Mr. Hitchcock, airily, "it was in the report of the duchess of So-and-So's garden party. The Journal described the affair and gave a list of the guests, saying that there were present his grace the duke of Connaught, his excellency the minister of this and the honorable colonel thus and 'others of minor importance.'" "I didn't hear your name, though," the friend remarked. "Oh, I," replied the professor, "was one of those others of minor importance."

Whistler and Nature.

[Exchange.]

A lady admirer said recently to Mr. Whistler: "I was sailing down the river the other day from Westminster to Chelsea. I saw Whistler everywhere—Whistler in the clouds, Whistler in the dim outlines of the houses, Whistler in the haze that hung on the water." "Yes," Whistler is reported to have said contemptuously, "I think nature is getting on finely."

MISCELLANEOUS.



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SMETHPORT, March 10, 1881.—yl.

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Smethport, Pa., April 23, 1885.

Why doesn't Mr Buckhalew bring the rascals out? Is he afraid he won't find any rascals to bring out?

Nobody knew this, so we drop a Man into the Pond and he found it out in a day. Mr Tilden probably stopped to investigate.

Now that the promised land is in sight, Democrats seem to be on the eve of a shake down over the division of the spoils, and how and with whom to divide that same *Surplus Dough*.

It was anticipated by the Democrats in advance of which the Republicans are now hugging themselves, that the Administration would be greatly embarrassed in its patronage by many hungry congressmen.

Pennsylvania now belongs to Russia and Turkey about that. But the whole Cabinet promises hangs on it more than ever. In the end it is Russia to go to war, the road to its capital is that of the Ottoman empire.

Gen. Sherman is probably the greatest man in the world except a score in this country. Of that body Hancock is one, Logan another, and Grant a third. Sherman is the fourth, and when he goes the Army will be a name without an army.

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Democratic editors, in proclaiming one fourth of the spoils for the press, pay nothing for one insertion, but print a puff for each subsequent insertion. Hurrah!

Attorney Generals come thus home, pay many per cent. Hospital appropriations of which none will be needed soon. Let accommodations all right and all amount to

GEO. CROSS,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., April 23, 1885.

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THE SOLDIERS' HOME.

When it was supposed that General Grant was dying, a few days ago, it was stated that it was the expressed wish of the distinguished soldier to be buried in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home near Washington. A more delightful or appropriate spot could not be selected. The governor of the Home being apprised of the fact sent a written addressed a letter to Mrs. Grant placing one of the commanding sites near the buildings at her disposal as a place of sepulture for her husband. The next estate of the Soldiers Home at first comprising 300 acres is now 500 acres being about a mile beyond the northern boundary of Washington was purchased at the suggestion of Gen Winfield Scott and was paid for out of a fund derived from soldiers pay by the General Government from pittance from the American soldiers. The grounds are magnificently laid out with drives in the hawns grow Likes in Italy and the main building is of marble. There are also a number of other buildings used by officers quarters and the main document of the building is known as the President's cottage and is a present home. Presidents Lincoln Johnson Hayes and Arthur spent most of their summers while in office.

Of the soldiers who are inmates of the Home about 1,000 are now in the Washington division of the building and the remainder in the Virginia division. Another building is going to move in shortly both congressmen.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

The colored people have figured conspicuously in recent events about the capital. Delegations of colored politicians and colored bishops and clergymen have called at different times at the white house. Each delegation delivered an address to the president in which some notable things were said and each listened to a reply from him, which was marked by significant sentences. The colored people here celebrated the anniversary of their emancipation with a long procession much music much enthusiasm and many spectators. The pageant was a very costly one and a handsome one, presenting many elements of the old time days. President Cleveland stood on the portico of the white house and reviewed the line as it passed. The days festivities were closed by speeches from Frederick Douglass and other colored orators. In the course of his remarks Mr Douglass said the power and vitality of the Democratic party had been greatly underestimated. It still lived in all the states in the Union in spite of enemies and was strong enough to call in its own party. Speaking of Mr Cleveland he asked if the world had ever produced a man of the Lincoln type. He believed that Cleveland was destined to be ranked with the great statesmen of the country. The building in which the President's cottage and his Presidential Palace Mr Lincoln Johnson Hayes and Arthur spent most of their summers while in office.

Most of the senators who are in favor of the Blair education bill are now beginning to realize that it will not take place before the fall. It does not matter the Democrats will not vote and there will be no quorum.

It is considered worthy of telegraphing from Washington that Secretary Lamar made no other address than that which he delivered on Monday. He is receiving from $5 to $10 per day for each address.

A few weeks ago a man who had been successful in securing arrears of pay was sent for by a number of his former friends to come to their rooms to receive their congratulations. The pleasantries were at their height, the champagne had been passed around, when the door opened and a letter was handed to the successful claimant. He opened it, read it, and then, with a look of blank astonishment, handed it to his friends. It was from the Secretary of the Interior, and informed the claimant that the money had been drawn by mistake, and must be refunded. The pleasantries were at an end.

A bill was introduced in the House by Mr. Cox, of New York, to provide for the payment of the claims of the heirs of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, for supplies furnished to the army during the revolutionary war. The claim is for $200,000, with interest from 1783. The bill was referred to the committee on claims.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided that the Northern Pacific railroad company is entitled to 3,840 acres of land per mile for its road from Wallula to Portland, Oregon, a distance of 210 miles, and that the company is entitled to 12,800 acres per mile for its road from Kalama to Tacoma, a distance of 36 miles.

The following is the text of the bill passed by the legislature and signed by the governor providing for the teaching of physiology and hygiene in the public schools of the state.

An Act relating to the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools of the commonwealth and educational institutions receiving aid from the commonwealth.

Section 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That physiology and hygiene shall be taught in each division of the subject as pursued in the higher classes of the common schools and all the educational institutions receiving aid from the commonwealth.

Section 2. All boards or parts of laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

Reports from Europe indicate that cholera is more widely prevalent than it is generally known. It is said to exist in France Spain and Russia. After the severe losses which France and Italy suffered the year before the reports sent out concerning the disease it is probable that as far as possible the prevalence will be kept secret this year. These reports show the necessity for taking every possible precaution to guard against the introduction of the epidemic into the United States. It is likely to come soon enough, and before we are thoroughly prepared for it.

We hope Secretary Lamar will fight it out on the present line if it takes twenty years.

Mahone claim that it was Dr. Burchard's depreciatory remarks on 'Rum Romanism and Rebellion' which caused the republican defeat in this State. This was of course, *pro tanto*, an admission that the friends of both of 'Rum and Romanism' were an important part of the Blaine forces, and it was strictly true. We mean nothing disrespectful to the Catholic Church when we say that *there are more of her members who feel touchy about any disrespectful allusions to Rum than of any other religious denomination in New York* but such is the fact. It was the vicious and ignorant democrats, so often denounced on republican platforms, whom Dr Burchard's adherents admitted if it offended any body at all it is they whom the republican ridicule and abuse of this divine virtue the election are intended to placate and win back to the republican party.

Now nothing is more certain than that President Cleveland's policy with regard to the civil service will, if persisted in save the democrats from any return of the vicious and ignorant element to their ranks. It is composed in the main of voters whose only idea of politics is the division of offices among workers that is the perpetual making and filling of vacancies in all offices high and low in order to satisfy relations. They will not stay long in any party in which an election does not follow a fresh distribution of spoils, in which character and competency have any share in creating fit men, and in which the good of the service is considered of more importance than the demands of party.

If the democratic party follows the President's lead these voters will stay where they are now in the republican ranks

Vol. XXII.

The Penn County Miner

Smethport, Pa., April 23, 1884.

OUR BRADFORD NEIGHBOR.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. A. H. Pierce is visiting friends in Coudersport.

E. T. Lake, of Bradford was in town Wednesday for a few hours.

J. J. Newman, of Buffalo, is in town looking after his "log drive."

Mrs. H. C. Sartwell has been shopping in Buffalo several days this week.

Orrin W. Gallup is visiting friends at Ne Ind eek, Steuben county, N. Y.

Mrs. H. Hamlin and wife returned from their western trip on Friday last.

Barney Lindhorst is home from Buffalo on a vacation from his store for a few months.

We do not note, as if hired, was in town this week to mingle tears with those who are mourning the loss of their dear ones.

Mr. John Baker and daughter Jessie made a trip to Olean yesterday, and did some shopping.

Chas. E. Beach who has been employed in one of the stores at Smethport for the past few months will teach the spring term of the Hallock school.

E. J. Yeomans and Jonathan Coleman return from Warren on Friday from a visit to Campbell Hang up and Mt. Pleasant Assign for the benefit of their creditors.

The Rev. W. H. Hubbell of Mt. Morris N. Y. formerly pastor of the M. E. church in this place was in town this week for a day or two, shaking hands with his many friends. His reports concerning his success as the fruits of his labors at that important point.

Arbor Day.

The day of setting apart one day in the spring of the year for setting out trees in a favorable one for the 16th of April, as it generally is in these parts, but the 17th of May is a day of all days for the purpose, as it is generally then that the frosts are all over and the trees are in their best condition for growth.

The Bradford correspondent of the Buffalo Express, whoever he may be, had better lay low. Several people are looking for him with a club.

A good many people are keeping the water from entering their cellars since the first heavy rain of the season. It is excellent water and will be largely used in place of beer this summer by the ladders who have it in their cellars.

Company C will camp at Conewango Lake this year. They start in the 24th of July. There is only a brigade encampment this year and the boys anticipate a fine time. Five days carried at the Lake is more before and this is the only time in the state to spend a week during the summer.

At the recent election in Tuesday evening, June 3 manager was elected chief of the fire department. P. T. Lane first assistant and Jack Lindsey second assistant. The rest of the re-elected were: Wheeler, president; J. H. Hutchinson, vice president; J. C. Greenman, all foreman; and James Conary secretary.

The well known banking house of Dow & Co is about to go out of the business and close up as a bank here. The reason assigned is that Mr. Dow has other interests which may be more profitable. A white fog now has it on. It will be a loss to Bradford and he will carry with him the best wishes of all who have had dealings with him as he is one of the straightforward business men in the city.

The new Opera House property of the Opera Theater secure Gus Bloom, of Buffalo, and Ben Teague for the season. Both companies are first class and will be welcomed by the theater going people of Bradford. Mr. Bloom's company will open the season with "Joy Drive."

Mrs. H. C. Sartwell has been shopping in Buffalo several days this week.

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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Presidents Cleveland and Arthur at Gettysburg.

In pursuance of the plan adopted by the veterans of the late war to erect such memorials, some of the celebrated battle fields of the land, the 25th anniversary will there soon be made the occasion of a grand reunion of the veterans of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd days of July next.

The gathering will be under the auspices of the veterans of Pennsylvania, and will be held where the battle was fought. It is expected that the Presidents of the United States, Cleveland and Arthur, will be present, and that the governors of all the states will be invited to be present. The governors of the states will be invited to be present. The governors of the states will be invited to be present.

Three of a Kind

Mrs. Otis Lucas of Marvin Creek, left a baby on Tuesday last and died.

Mr. Elisha Hirsh had the misfortune to break his leg on Wednesday morning last while attending a sick cow. The cow fell over him and fractured the bone below the knee.

Ralph son of our esteemed townsman Ira S. Gleason while playing on the logs near their residence on Mill street, fell under a log which rolled over him and he has right leg below the knee. This occurred last evening.

School Entertainment.

The entertainment given by the school ars of our schools on Monday and Tuesday evenings last was in every way a success. From the youngest to the old est each acquitted himself or herself with well acquitted applause. The prize speaking by Miss Sadie Knapp and Clarence Howe was very fine, both rendered the selection "The last night in prison," exceed ingly well. The majority of the committee after consulting decided that Clarence be entitled to the prize, $5 00 in cash. The entertainment was given for the purpose of raising funds to purchase a school library and the effort met with merited success as the two entertainments netted ($75 00). Our schools are now in excellent condition and under the charge of an efficient corps of teachers. The directors ought to see that the same teachers are retained for next year. School closed last Tuesday for one weeks vacation. The spring term will commence Tuesday next.

A New Plan to Prove Fashions.

A gentleman went into a crowded dry goods store to buy some stockings for his wife. "I want striped ones," he said to the clerk. "We have very few striped, sir" the clerk replied, "they are not much worn now." "Are you sure?" "Oh yes, sir quite sure. I will demonstrate the fact to you." Then he leaned across the counter and shouted "Sue!" "Sir" he said "Yes, give me plain colors."

A Strange Idea.

A few days since a cow belonging to an Italian near Jamestown, swallowed a paper of pins which in some manner was accidently given with her customary morning repast.

There is nothing very strange in this fact, but what is now astonishing the family that the cow lives and is what could have become of the pins as they have retained the milk after each milking same and have not caught onto a solitary pin.

St. Luke's Church.

Divine services on next Sunday, at 8 and 10:30 a. m., and at 3 p. m.

The offerings will be for Diocesan missions.

Baptist Church.

The usual services on Sunday next. Preaching at the morning upon some topic of general interest. In the evening, the 3d lecture on Joseph, including the being sold into Egypt, his experience with the wife of Potiphar, etc.

Young People's Meeting at 6:30 p. m., led by Willis George. Preaching in the afternoon at 3 o'clock at Farmer's Valley.

"The Russian Empire."

On our first page will be found an article under the foregoing caption which was written by our townsman W. J. Milliken, Esq. for the Pennsylvania School Journal in 1873. It is a remarkable production as it clearly foreshadowed twelve years ago what is now set early occurring. It will be read with interest by every student of history.

Firm Change.

A. of Prof who for the past three years has had the ribbons on the bus line between here and the lower depot sold out Wednesday to Albert Hussey. Consideration $650. Prof left for Butler county yesterday where he intends go ing into the livery business.

An Enterprising Firm

Among our new advertisements in this issue will be noticed one of Weaver & Williams of Olean, N. Y., who are not only carrying the largest stock of pianos, organs, sewing machines etc., outside of the largest cities, but are a firm whom all can rely upon as being straightforward honest and liberal. Look their ad over carefully, and profit by their inducements before being guiled by peddlers or small establishments.

Cloth Dance

The first dance held in this place since the Lenten season was given by the Arbutus club at the Opera house last evening. Though only about twenty couple were present it was a very enjoyable affair. The Band light orchestra, as usual gave general satisfaction and Frank Wright served one of his cold lunches it would be called an excellent supper any place else; at 12 m. Among the parties from out of town we noticed the Misses Walsh of Corry sisters of W. P. Walsh of this place J. C. Flynn of Bradford and others. These social dances were very popular during the season and the dance of last evening was in no wiser inferior.

An Unmitigated Liar

If there is one character on the face of the earth which should be execrated above all others, it is the contemptible liar who can make it the leader. Jon a who has been working in the Mines other for a few months past. It hardly seemed possible for that wounded to tell the truth he sneaked away from the town owing more man in who would trust him for a dollar's worth of goods and in every instance he obtained what credit he required by a H could have obtained more goods for less money in some cases by the cash but the stock would have been a great deal for him. He wouldn't have lived five minutes after the truth had escaped his lips. He received pay for his work as regularly as Saturday night came and in no instance was there an exception to this rule. Yet he was getting credit in some places because of the absence of the proprietor of this paper. He obtained the most of his credit through lies and false pretences, and should be indicted by the next grand jury, brought back here under a requisition from the governor of New York state tried and sent to the western penitentiary. Such loafers as he should have no abiding place outside of prison walls.

The Freeman Mystery

It turns out that the story of a man's body being found in a hollow log in the woods of northern Michigan, supposed to be that of our former townsman Bresselar Freeman, reg was altogether a myth. We have just received a letter from Fred R. Freeman, a son of Brewster Freeman, dated Mich of April 17th in which he says I was over recently in the locality where my father was last and I found that the story regarding the finding of his body in a hollow log was a mistake. The body of a man was found in a hollow log not long since, in Indiana but no such discovery has been made in this state. Up to this time we have no trace of father, either dead or alive. Lumbermen have been working in the woods where he was last seen all winter and if he was murdered in that vicinity it does seem as though his body would have been found. We suspect one man as having some knowledge of what became of father, but as yet we have not sufficient proof to cause his arrest. If any new developments come to light I will keep you informed."

Literary Notes.

THE BOERO

Apart from Indians and the Mexicans, these animals are the most characteristic and ub quitous objects in New Mexico. The shaggy little brutes range from the size of a small Newfoundland to that of a six months old heifer. It is practically impossible to overload them. They will carry all that can be piled on their backs. I have frequently seen a solid heap of wood gliding mysteriously into town, with no apparent motive power but I knew that somewhere underneath the pile there was hidden a burro. When released from their burdens they will immediately set to work with diligence and gusto picking up a living in the midst of stones and dry cactus, where any other animal would starve to death. Joe proceeded to unteach them, by a wonderful series of knots, to the supporting posts under the house. I watched him curiously as he sped about after that, and at length ventured to inquire whether burros usually employed their spare time in performing juggling tricks.

Joe regarded me with a smile which was compounded of one part of good natured contempt, two of superior knowledge, and three of genuine amusement.

"Wal," he said, "you are scmmat of a tenderfoot, that's so. Why, a burro is a born devil."

"Do you mean to say that a burro can undo one of those knots with his teeth?" I asked.

"I don't purtend to say what he does it with. He may do it with his tail for all I know, but if you will learn me a knot that a burro can't undo, if you give him time enough, I will tell you thanks. Why the father of all evil is not a patch on an old jack boro for infernal cleverness and cussedness!"—Bret Harte in Harper's Magazine for May.

A NEW DAY OF ISSUE FOR "THE CENTURY."

The editors of The Century Magazine are now so large that it has become necessary either to go to press at an earlier date or to postpone the day of issue. The latter alternative has been accepted. The June number, the edition of which is 225,000, was delayed until the 25th of March. The May number—edition, 250,000—will be issued on the 1st day of May, thus inaugurating with the first number of the fourteenth volume a change which has long been considered desirable by the publishers, and which is believed will be heartily commended by the public. Future numbers of The Century Magazine will be issued on the 1st day of the month of which each bears date.

$500,000 A Year.

Statement of the American, National and United States and Canada Express Companies, Troy, N. Y.

The strength of Rome lay not in her multitude nor in her proto-tadon fleets. These were incidental strength. The fulfilling resources and strength, but her self-control and discipline of Roman by the self-control and discipline of Roman soldiers. Discipline is in the very soul of the express business. Every driver, every wonderful nothing possessor, every word "vestibule" Mr. Fargo reporter, "piece about at this desk." is the discipline of years of experience which gives him the position he holds in the trust and confidence of the three great corporations. We estes an of these three great corporations. We have a business of $500,000 a year, and I've been there a business of $500,000 a year, and I've been almost from this fine hardly a month in all that time. Though I must confess that many times I've worked here when suffering great pain, for I have been troubled all my life with biliousness. I have been troubled all my life with biliousness and feel very sick. My appetite would become so reduced that I had no appetite and my digestion wholly disordered. For several years I suffered from the headache every week. I happened one day last January to see a notice of DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY. After using only one bottle, for which I paid $1 25, I felt better every day. The great diuretic principle of this remedy cures the kidneys, cures the liver, cures the blood, cures the stomach, cures the bowels, cures the nerves, cures the heart, cures the skin, cures the whole system. I have never had a day's sickness since. I have taken no medicine of any kind for three years. I have gained in flesh and strength, and have a great deal to do. I have taught about a dozen persons to use DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and every one of them has been benefited and given a great deal in the same way. I have also induced a number who have no appetite, have illness, constipation, sick headache, and suffer in health in the house. I consider DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY the best remedy for the blood in the market. Well, I must attend to the store, for we never get rested with anything. You can tell the Doctor I am getting down to business and am well. I want you know this. I left the store, and I am now getting in health and strength as fast as I can. Yours truly, Archie D. Richmond.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin CURES DISEASES OF KIDNEYS. When it is taken into consideration that Gin is the only spirit possessing medicinal quality, other than a stimulant, a pure article is required.

PRATT'S Aromatic Geneva Gin is a pure Geneva Gin. Gin, recommended by the medical faculty, is prepared from the finest Holland juniper berries, grown in Holland, and all inflammation of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

JAMES E. HORRIS, Sole Agent, 103 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK.

LEGAL

Court Proclamation.

THE HON. A. G. OLMSTED, PRESIDENT JUDGE, and HON. HARRY HAMLIN and HON. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of McKean, and Justices of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Orphans' Court in and for the County of McKean, and Justices of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for the County of McKean, have issued their precept to me directed, commanding me to hold a Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Orphans' Court and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, in the County of McKean, on the first Monday of May, being the 5th day of May, 1884, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, the Justices of the Peace and Constables of the said County of McKean, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done, and those who are bound by their recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or may be in the jail of said County of McKean, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Dated at Smethport, Pa., this 14th day of April, A. D. 1884.

A. E. BANNON, Sheriff.

Financial Statement

of the Borough of Smethport for the year ending March 31st, 1884.

[Financial statement tables omitted]

Notice

Is hereby given that the following personal property to-wit: One pair bob sleds, one set of harness, one lumber wagon in the possession of the undersigned, in Smethport, McKean county, Pa., have been levied on by E. C. Curtis and are left in his possession. And I, Vance Fox, hereby notify all persons not to meddle or make away with said property, as I intend to sell the same on the premises aforesaid, on Saturday, the 26th day of April, 1884, at 1 o'clock p. m., to satisfy said levy.

VANCE FOX.

Smethport, Pa., April 16, 1884.—4t

1843. FORTY YEARS SUCCESS. 1883.

WE STAND AT THE HEAD.

1,000,000 Home Sewing Machines in actual use.

Our Latest Success.

[Image: An Entirely New Arm. Easy Running Sewing Machine]

With the continuous manufacture and experience of Forty years, the Howe Company now offer a machine superior to any and all others. It combines every requisite: Has a high Arm; is Light Running; Reversible; Attracts; Beautiful in Finish; Perfect in Tension; Wheeling Shuttle; Perfect Stitch; Self-Threading Shuttle; Perfect Action; Easiest to Operate; Has Improved Tension; Easiest to Operate; Has Improved Tension; Easiest to Thread; Has a good reach under the Arm; and is perfectly free from all Objectionable Vibration. Has the finest set of Attachments for family sewing, each one put up in a labeled box. The manufacture is of Steel throughout and of the highest degree of excellence. It is one and durable. It is a handsome machine. It is easy to learn. It is easy to run. It is easy to keep in order. It is easy to sell. It is easy to buy. It is easy to use. It is easy to like. It is easy to love. It is easy to have. It is easy to be without. It is easy to be with. It is easy to be.

Howe Machine Co.

No. 4, South St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN & WOMEN

To sell, choice Nursery Stock. The finest Outfit Ever Given. Exclusive territory. No interference if stock sold. Applicants must give first-class references as to character and ability. Good Salary and Expenses Paid. Steady Employment. Apply at once. Address, stating where you saw this paper.

JAS. S. WILLIAMS, (SUCCESSORS) Rochester, N. Y.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Combined instruments worth $50 for $25. Sewing Machines $10 to $20. Terms $1 per week. Circulars free. Address, with stamp, Crown Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.

The Best Meat and Vegetable MARKET!

—IN—

SMETHPORT

I am prepared to furnish the people of the town and adjacent country with

Fresh meat, Ham, Sausages, Salt meats, Corned Beef, Lard, Chickens, &c.

—ALSO,—

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

A FIRST-CLASS LINE OF

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Fresh and Reliable Drugs, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes, Patent Medicines, Fine Stationery, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, And a Full Line of Cigars Always On Hand.

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In the latest style of the art. None but first-class workmen employed.

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[Image: Specht & Sasse horse and carriage]

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[Image: Indian head TRADE MARK]

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A Machine that Sells Itself.

[Image: The Ladies' Friend]

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UNRIVALED FOR BEAUTY.

Strength and light running, performs its labor easily and to perfection. The Brush is easily adjusted to all grades of carpet. The manner of discharging the dust is superior to all others.

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PERKINS E. CHASE'S

PATENT SPRINKLER AND Novelty Force Pump.

[Image: Sprinkler and pump]

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[Image: Horse]

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I will also pay the highest price for STOCK AND HIDES

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[Image: Rectangular Churn]

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